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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

A STREET CRY

O now the heavenly daffodils
Their yellow lamps have lit;
And vendors take the golden spoil,
The streets are bright with it:
And baskets brimmed as they can hold
Are precious with the April gold.

Here's daffodils! I hear them cry
Along the noisy way;
There's winter in the air and sky,
The city streets are grey;
But like a hope and prophecy,
The yellow flowers flame for me.

Here's daffodils! O, somewhere now
The earliest dreams awake;
Dim stirrings vex the sleeping bough
For unborn April's sake;
And gardens patient in the snow
The thrill of tender promise know.

And weary folk that waited long
Look up and hope again.
In the dumb spaces like a song
The old cry echoes plain;
New wine the empty chalice fills,
And for a sign—here's daffodils!

The March Forum. —*Arthur Ketchum*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1914. NUMBER 3.

RARER THAN COMETS

Acuter than the tick of time
Is the most trivial word you say—
And fitter than the perfect rime
Your lips each moment of the day.

Rarer than comets waited for
Or rays of dawn in all the lands.
Move your two feet upon the floor.
Gleam the ten fingers of your hands.

The Smart Set. —*Witter Bynner.*

New versions of the Bible do not easily or all at once win favor, and naturally so, though they may be superior in point of accuracy. Religious sentiment clings to the stately cadences of the old King James version—the loom whereon our language was woven —which have become entwined with our dearest memories and the voices fallen into silence. Nevertheless, "The New Testament: A New Translation," by James Moffat, is one of the noblest achievements, alike of schòlarship and literary art, in our generation. One misses old familiar words—and the re-arrangement of the fourteenth chapter of St. John is a shock—but the loss is atoned for by the freshness, lucidity, vividness and exceeding suggestiveness of the new translation. It is the work of an independent scholar, unhampered and free, wrought out in full light of modern research, both critical and grammatical, and is a work to prize by all who love that book of white samite, mystical and wonderful, where the sweet voice sounds and the vision dwells.

— Having taken unto himself a new wife, Thomas Hardy has been going to church of late—so runs the report. It would be interesting to have his impressions of the service and the sermon, for, having slipped in and out of church quietly, he sent a message of appreciation to the minister. It was the St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Enfield, England, the pastor of which is W. E. Orchard, one of the really significant religious thinkers of our day, as his new volume of sermons on "God, Christ and Man," attests. Somehow, for reasons not easily explained, English preachers have a liberty of thought and a depth of insight to which their brethren on this side seldom attain. As for Hardy, he is a man much misunderstood—for the secret of his seeming pessimism is not denial, but a super-sensitive sympathy, not unlike that of John Woolman, the Quaker, who was afflicted with "bowedness of spirit" at sight of any form of injustice or cruelty. It is the pessimism of pity, as if the divinest thing within him led him to "deny so divinely the divine."

"God grant that by my persevering labors I may bring a little stone to the frail and ill-assured edifice of our knowledge of those deep mysteries of Life and Death where all our intellects have so lamentably failed."

So prayed Pasteur; and in this reverent spirit he studied science, which he held to be "the redemption of man by man," even as religion is the redemption of man by God. Man, he said, has been given a threefold gospel—of the soul, of his body, of his goods; and they are alike sacred revelations to be obeyed and fulfilled in his individual and social "practice of salvation." Therefore hé toiled in the love of God for the healing of human suffering, and is entitled, as Mr. Henry F. Osborn recently said in an exquisite essay, to belong to "The New Order of Sainthood."

What is sainthood? It is spiritual health, humane sympathy and moral thoughtfulness. As Arnold of Rugby said, "It is the inquiring love of truth sustained by the devoted love of goodness." It is wholesome, because it is holy. It is practice, not theory; consecration, not perfection; a condition of character, not a theological definition. Newman reflected on the church of his birth that it had failed to produce saints. However far from true Newman was in respect of the English Church, his challenge we are bound to take up; for if the church cannot grow saints, she is doomed. Meanwhile, science has its saints, of whom Pasteur was a noble example.

Christabel Parkhurst has written a big little book dealing with "Plain Facts About a Great Evil," a book as courageous as candid, and it deserves to be read by every son of Adam on earth. Its motto is, "Votes for Women; Chastity for Men." She states the awful facts in their bare and horrible reality; but, alas, her logic is at fault when she argues that votes for women will slay the demon of lust and make men chaste. Would God it were so, but it is not. There is a measure of truth in what she says: "Women, when they are politically free, and economically strong, will not be purchasable for the base uses of vice." But she does not know that some women are not less sensual than men, and that others sell themselves as the "easiest way" to procure exemption from useful labor. We must face the facts as they really are if we are to do anything with this ancient stain upon our humanity, and for the most part that is what this brave woman does. No doubt, Anthony Comstock—custodian of the

American conscience—will have this book barred from the mails; but it tells the truth with a terrible lucidity of phrase. Here these lines from the introduction:

> This book deals with what is commonly described as the Hidden Scourge, and is written with the intention that this scourge shall be hidden no longer, for if it were to remain hidden, then there would be no hope of abolishing it. Men writers for the most part refuse to tell what this Hidden Scourge is, and so it becomes the duty of a woman to do it. The Hidden Scourge is sexual disease. These diseases are due to prostitution, but they are not confined to those who are immoral. They infect the innocent, and may be justly declared to be "the crowning infamy of our social life!" Men who would think it indelicate to utter the names of these diseases in the hearing of women, seem not to think it indelicate to infect them with those diseases. Every young woman who reads these pages will be warned of a great danger, whose existence she may not until now have suspected. It is because of the need that young girls shall have timely warning of this danger that the question is here discussed in very plain and definite terms.

Announcement of the sudden death of Jonathan Brierly—"J. B.," as he was known in the London *Christian World*—will evoke a widespread sense of loss. Years ago he suffered a complete breakdown of health, and had long been handicapped by invalidism, but it was not his old ill which took him away. Like many another man mortally smitten, he was a prodigious worker, and the quantity and quality of his work amazed men. "Make your own inner weather; if there are storms without it will not matter;" and that is what he did during the long years of weakness. He used to call his study a Cave of the Winds, into which blew the breezes of thought from every quarter, and his mind was open to every breeze. An eclectic in philosophy, he has been described as "a bridge-maker," and in that capacity he helped many to pass across from the old way of thinking to the new. He was an astonishing reader, and his memory was a perpetual wonder in its accuracy and retentiveness. Facile of phrase, he was as lucid as light, in his style, and his thought was as wide-ranging as it was rich and rewarding. Since David Swing went away, Brierly was the greatest living religious essayist; and his collected articles made a long row of volumes which are justly esteemed as the choicest treasures. He reminds one of Browning's Old Grammarian. There was a glad and hearty courage in his life, a defiance of ill-fate, and a note of good-cheer as is so often heard in those who know the worst and have found the best. Laboring under disabilities, he shamed men by his irrepressible gaiety, and sent many a frightened soldier back to the firing line of life. He will be missed by a multitude, as much for his faith, which was a daring and vivid kind of courage, as for the wealth and beauty of his thought.

For most of us, who live under the tyranny of the material, if not of the trivial, the return of Lent, with its call for a thoughtful searching of heart and the recasting of values, should be a blessing. Eucken has been telling us, what is obvious to any student of our time, that the chief ill of our age is its lack of a rich inner life. Evidences of this spiritual dearth may be seen in our fret and hurry and worry, in our loss of faith in the highest appeals, in our reliance upon numbers, and our efforts to make up in organization what we do not possess in inspiration—and, by no means least, in the prevalence of nervous disorder. For such ills the only cure is a deepening of the life of faith and vision and prayer. Why does the modern man neglect prayer? He seems to fear it, like the hero, if hero he may be called, of "The Garden of Allah," and, mayhap, for much the same reason. The only proof of prayer is to *pray,* actually and literally to pray—and he who does so will know that there is that in the soul of man which can pierce through any closed wall of law or fate and have living communion with the living God. Lincoln, the drama of whose spiritual life was the fight to free himself from the clutch of Fate, learned by going to his knees that the Eternal helps those who seek Him with honest hearts in prayer. So also Thackeray, who won his way from the same shadow of fatalism to a high and tender faith—won it by prayer. Alas, that so many make no use of this master key which opens the door of life and admits us to the light and liberty of the love of God. Once a man knows how to use that key, there is no peril he cannot face, no work he cannot do, no ill he cannot bear. Why not put to a high use this meditative season of the religious year by learning anew and with more vivid faith the highest of all arts—"the practice of the presence of God." J. F. N.

Still They Come

II.

Ever since the appearance of the amazing report of the Charity Organization Society of New York, recording an increase of 4 per cent in the number of families aided by this organization during the year just passed—upon which I commented in UNITY *last* week—there has been a strenuous endeavor to explain away the natural inferences from this figure as to the growing poverty in the city. The interpretation of the facts upon which most stress has been laid has been that offered by the Society itself, on page 14 of its report, namely, that "the principal reason for the growing volume of work during recent years is the increasing co-operation among social agencies." Thus the *New York World,* in an editorial manifestly intended to allay disquiet, says:

> The increase in the number of families aided . . . (is) not due to a larger need of aid, but partly to increased activity among the various agencies of the organization, and partly to the fact that some societies which hitherto had not co-operated with it gave aid in 1913.

That this fact of increased activity and increased co-operation is a partial explanation, at least, of the

largely increased volume of poverty handled by the Society in 1912-1913, is undoubtedly true. But it is noticeable that the Society itself does not claim that this explains the phenomenon as a whole. The attempt to offer this fact as an all-sufficient reason for such an increase in the number of destitute families handled during the last seven years as 543 per cent in the Bronx, 323 per cent in the Yorkville, Jefferson and Harlem districts, 269 per cent in the Clinton, Hudson and Riverside districts, and 150 per cent in the city as a whole, would be manifestly absurd. And the same assertion applies as well to the 4 per cent increase in the last recorded year from September, 1912, to September, 1913. A full explanation must include such facts as increase of total population, shifting of population, subway construction, real estate investments, housing conditions, etc., and among these added facts must inevitably be included the hard, cold fact of a disproportionate increase in the relative number of families which are poor. When we realize that in the panic years of 1907 and 1908, 5,773 families were cared for in the first twelve months and 6,219 in the second, while 6,767 families were cared for in the prosperous period of 1912-1913, it is evident that growing destitution is at least a factor in the problem. Indeed, this very report which we are considering includes the impressive comment (page 9) that "it is significant that, while the number of families whose care the Society undertook showed a decrease during the years following 1907-1908, that decrease at its lowest amounted to only 15 per cent, while the increase of 1907-1908 over the previous year was 100 per cent and over that of the second year before 200 per cent." There is plainly something more at work here than the mere "increased activity" and "increased co-operation."

And on this very point it is interesting to note the latest news as to conditions at this moment. According to a statement issued by the Charity Organization Society yesterday (March 2), the Society has never before in its history been called upon to help so many families. Yesterday it had 2,781 families in its care, which is 584 more than last year at this time, an increase of more than 25 per cent; and during February it helped 3,313 families, which is 642 more than in February, 1913. And I have yet to find the man who is ready to agree that the country is not in a prosperous, or at least a normal, condition.

I repeat, still they come!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

"If you cannot be anything else, be a mystic; walk with God; do his will; set your hand to his plough and help prepare his earth for his coming commonwealth."—*Edwin A. Rumball.*

Jenkin Lloyd Jones' March Escape

Readers of the UNITY are familiar with the fact that Mr. Jones makes an "escape" every March. And readers are further familiar with the "editorial wanderings," but there is another side which they also should know. It is the side that "talks back" that I should like to emphasize. Mr. Jones arrived in Camp Hill on the night of the 5th of March, and lectured twice a day for the next three days. He captured his audience in his first lecture on "Who Are the Cultured?" Friday morning. Of his lecture Friday evening on Lee I have already written. Saturday morning he spoke on "The Eternally Womanly," condensing into one lecture his six lectures on this general theme. Saturday afternoon the faculty of the Southern Industrial Institute gave a reception for Mr. Jones, where he met many of the people of the town. At the conclusion of the reception he gave his lecture on "Emerson." Sunday morning the senior editor spoke in the Universalist Church on "The Overlapping Territory in Religion," and Sunday afternoon at four the lecture course was brought to a close by a lecture on "Homemaking."

Camp Hill is just an average community in the far South. It is not what would be termed an educational center, although we have a good public school, and our Institution is located here. The citizens are engaged in the usual activities of the small town in the midst of a farming section. These lectures proved popular and cumulative—the last lecture brought the largest audience of the series. We now have the memory of those pleasant days; our intellectual horizon has been greatly broadened and our lives wonderfully stimulated. We view things at a different angle; we have been brought in touch with new problems; we have all resolved to have Mr. Jones here again. I wonder how many UNITY readers really know the value of these lectures to the community; I wonder if Abraham Lincoln Centre realizes how much good it is doing when it allows its Head Resident to "escape." I wonder if the friends of All Souls Parish realize how much work their Chief Servant performs when he is on his annual rounds visiting the faithful of his flock down in Dixie and the regions beyond? Mr. Jones should be heard increasingly in the educational centers of this country. Long day to this modern prophet, and may his years flow gently on! Serenity and peace upon his good gray head.

LYMAN WARD.

Camp Hill, Ala., March 13, 1914.

YOUTH

Deep in my heart a Spirit dwells
That cheers me on my way;
His laughing face and merry spells
Enliven all my day.

His hopeful smile, his happy shout,
His mien so full of fun,
All care and worry put to rout
As clouds before the sun.

Ah, little guest, I prithee hold
Thy Kingdom strong for Truth—
Thou treasure richer far than gold,
The Spirit of my Youth!

—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE PULPIT

The Essential Bargain

AN EXPOSITION

By REV. ALEXANDER WEBSTER,
Aberdeen, Scotland

TEXT: *"If God will be with me and will keep me in this way that I go . . of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth to thee."*

Gen. xxviii:20-22.

There is a sordid and suspicious motive in the bargain which Jacob sought to make with Yahweh. His mind, was full of the advantageous marriage suggested by his scheming mother, and colored by the deceit practiced on his sightless father. He was as ready to impose on Deity, but did not know how far he could go with pretence.

Probably he had some compunctions when he thought of the divinity of his family, and wondered if the overruler would take his case in hand. By traditional instruction he had been taught to regard Yahweh as the tribal god, having a special favor for the Abrahamic stock; but how the god would regard such subterfuges as he had practiced to get his father's blessing at the cost of supplanting his brother, he was not sure. There was a great "if" in the case. Jacob was going beyond the family lands into a strange region to which the rule of the family god was not supposed to extend. Perhaps the guardian of his fathers had no dealings with the god of the other region or was his enemy. Beyond the border of the family territory Jacob was an adventurer, and might be regarded as an intruder. His journey was a risk; his exploit for a wife dangerous. But he was young and lusty and his amorous instincts urged, and it was worth while making large terms with Yahweh. He had presents for Laban and the woman of his heart, and if he succeeded in his plans he could afford to be generous to the protecting god.

So the bargain was proposed: "If thou wilt . . .I will give the tenth to thee."

What caused the adventurer to fix on ten per cent as interest to Deity has to be imagined. Ten out of every hundred cattle seemed a large enough concession to Divine Power, and if the ten were of the best, the tithe was on a high scale. Jacob was an adept in the manipulation of catttle, but we may suppose he intended to be honest with Deity and give him of the best. The promise was sincere on the instant. "I will surely give the tenth to thee. I will choose it with your eyes, fairly and squarely and with true gratitude."

We need not look for high morality in any primitive bargain, but only a rude bartering. It was customary for men to outwit each other and there was cunning in every exchange. Into their religion, such as it was, the barter method entered, and it was a matter of material arrangement as to how much was the god's portion.

The god of Abram and Isaac was to Jacob a superior sheik, dwelling among the hills, having inexplicable power over the elements and divine authority over the inhabitants of his district. He had promised to Abram and his seed an ultimate possession and dominion in the land, and was therefore entitled to honor and reward. Jacob would give him as much as his two hands with their ten strong fingers could grasp and hold. "A tenth"—the measure of the fingers, the capacity of the hands. It was as much as even a god could receive and retain. The first fresh handfuls would be his. Ere anyone else got a portion, Yahweh would get his, as much as he could dexterously handle. If his hands were large, his fingers mighty and what he could manage was much, still a tenth, by his own measure, should be his. The offer, we may admit, was generous. What more could he have proposed? To burden the god with a backful along with handfuls would have been embarrassing and unnecessary.

It appears that the tenth was adopted by the descendants of Israel as the measure of award to Deity. The Levitical law made it a standard of offering obligatory on all worshippers of Yahweh. The priests claimed it and it determined the popular payment of religious dues.

Jacob was a typical settler, a master in stock breeding and an adept at barter, and he set the customs among the tent dwellers. While Esau roamed over wild places with the accoutrements of the chase, a necessary pioneer of civilization, Jacob kept within the cleared circle of pastoral enterprise and agricultural pusuit and amassed property in cattle and earth products. He was the ruler of interest, the maker of the market. But he was not wholly materialistic; there was a chord of aspiration in him which thrilled to the touch of the mysterious and awful. When he journeyed beyond the bounds of his pastorage, and lay down to sleep and saw in a vision the god of his fathers over him in protective power, he marvelled worshipfully and slept serenely. In the morning he marked the place of the enlarged spiritual experience.

> The traveler owns the grateful sense
> Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
> And pausing, takes with forehead bare,
> The benediction of the air.

His journey gave him not only an augmented topographical knowledge, but an extended religious realization. He wist not at the start how far his god could go with him, and to find him there in the strange place was a surprise which begot thought. He was a long way from the idea of omnipresence expressed in a later age. "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? Thou hast beset me behind and before and laid thine hand upon me."

So long as Deity was located in the tabernacle or in the temple the percentage due to him remained at the Jacobean rate. But when the spirituality of God was discerned the standard rarefied. The prophets, in the name of Deity, repudiated material offering. "If I were hungry I would not tell thee. . . The cattle on a thousand hills are mine." The dues became moral. "What doth the Lord thy God require of thee but to do justly," etc. The giving grew personal. Not something external, some portion of property, but *the self* in holiness of desire became the offering. The altar rose within in the contrite spirit. The developed individual said, "I sanctify myself" as he looked up to the all-perfect. The value of the deific help rose. It could no longer be measured by a tenth, or even a hundredth of material property, but had to be estimated on the scale of personality.

In the primitive days the god was patron and judge of cattle. He would take no spotted or lame beast but only the best of the breed. But as consciousness grew it was realized that God was the inspirer of thought,

the attuner of feeling, the actual maker of mind and heart. So the bargain had to be made from the soul. "If thou wilt create in me a clean heart I will give thee my purest love." And when science came with its revelation of universal law, the "if" in the calculation was modified if not dropped. The giving was voluntary, the glad yielding of a trustful soul.

Apparently Jacob was no slayer for sacrifice. He was an amasser and conserver. He was father of tribes, more diplomatist than warrior, a man of ingenious contrivance and maneuvers. Seemingly the offering of blood to Deity had been stopped by Abram's experience, and instead of it a tender of live stock was made. A touch of aversion to bloodshed appears in Jacob's strategies over his encounter with Esau. He arranges his bands so as to appeal to his brother's chivalrous regard for women and children, and hopes to avoid battle.

But as the tithe goes past Jacob it becomes bloody and under the priestly hierachy it is paid to the altar in slain flesh and shorn grain. The priests' hands are red with the slaughter of oxen, lambs and doves, and the black singe of the roasting fire is on their garments. Yahweh gets his ten per cent by burning and the cloudy pillar of incessant sacrifice accompanies the advancing tribes through the wilderness.

There was a numerous band of priests for the collection and offering of the statutory tenth which started from Bethel, a consecrated system of sacrifice regulating the expiatory payment of every member of the congregation. Beginning as a grateful acknowledgment of divine accompaniment and help, it became a sin tax exacted by deific displeasure.. When the Israelites settled after the conquest of Canaan, there were "high places" for sacrifice, and there the altar stood to receive the accustomed tenth. Jacob's vow became an institution with confirmed priestly interests.

To the prophets the bloody tithe was abominable and they spake out against it. They led up to the spirituality of the religion of Jesus, and with him we come upon worship without an altar or holy place, and we arrive at a new religion of wills—"not *my will,* but *thine* be done." The bargain becomes essentially spiritual and resolves itself into the total submission of the individual himself to the Divine Power. The worshipper no longer says, "I will give thee a portion of my goods, but I will submit myself to be possessed and used by thee." Morality enters into the transaction. The ground of connection between the Deity and the worshipper is ethical. Their communication is in thought and is based on the apprehension of spiritual qualities. The life values have changed; they are not material but mental, and consist of ideals of righteousness; motives, truths and principles of action. The kingdom of God is *within*; worship is the soul's admiration of goodness. The worshipper need bring no lamb nor even an ear of grain, but present his aspiration, his vessel of devout desire to the divine spring. The priest is dismissed, the altar is abolished, the temple superceded. The Deity and the individual are atoned by the consciousness on the human side of being a partaker of the Divine Nature and the placing of the personal will in line with the Deific.

The great dubious "if" that caused the fear of the primitive man has dissolved, and there is implicit trust in the perfection of the Father. The Deific will is absolute in love and good, and the human may yield itself in undoubting submission.

What a carnalizing reversion that was which organized Christianity unconsciously committed when it set up its dogmatic scheme of vicarious sacrifice! It was a theory only, but being authoritatively declared in creed, and buttressed by ritual practice, it had all the force of a fact with divine warrant. It took back the spiritual value to a physical death as an alleged expiation for human sin, made to satisfy divine wrath. It is the Jacobean bargain over again, only the dubious Deity has become diabolic with designs of torture, and the tithe is in human blood from the heart of the best of men.

The Old Testament shows the slow getting away from the Jacobean mode of bargaining into a moral relationship, and we are experiencing a similar gradual advance from carnal Christianity to spiritual religion.

The life values are once more changing, and all philosophy is insisting on an ethical estimate. Natural science is helping the advance, economic experience is aiding and the general trend of intuition is upbearing. Seventy years ago Emerson said:

> The revolutions that impend over society are not now from ambition and rapacity, from impatience of one or another form of government, but from new modes of thinking, which shall recompose society after a new order, which shall animate labor by love and science, which shall destroy the value of many kinds of property and replace all property within the dominion of reason and equity.

That re-placement is in process. All the ameliorative efforts, reforms, socialisms, as well as the liberalized theology and the synthetic philosophy are essays of the adjustment of the human dues with the Infinite Righteousness. The consciousness of the comprehensive spiritual pressure of the Universal Presence has come upon us closely. It is the vital point in science, the master light of philosophy. We are now aware that only the clearest sanity, the most serviceable solidarity and the most thorough sanctification of life will secure the adjustment. To us has come, with deeper understanding than Abram heard it, the divine injunction: "Slay not, but sanctify; enhallow the vitalities; reverence the human as the incarnation of God."

We now perceive that the clue to God is in personality. The secret of his connection with us is there. To interpret it is our part. We may well close all books and turn to the soul. The greatest fact is the individual soul: in it, is the essential value. Whatever may be in the market, whatever rate of interest there is in money, whatever social honor may belong to a man on account of his material possessions, those who are concerned for religion have to place the value on the soul. It is their business to promote the soul, to get men to feel that they are spiritual beings capable of sublime life. We have to make the reckoning of riches ethical and give a spiritual definition to wealth. The bargain is between souls, and the constituents of it are the goods of the soul, the holiness which is joy, the truth which is sustenance, and the communion which is life indeed.

MARCH

The earth seems a desolate mother,
Betrayed like the princess of old,
The ermine stripped from her shoulders,
And her bosom all naked and cold.

But a joy looks out from her sadness,
For she feels with a glad unrest
The throb of the unborn summer
Under her bare brown breast.

—*Charles Henry Webb.*

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

Barroom and saloon interests pursued Mr. Smith with much vindictiveness. His motives were aspersed, his acts misrepresented and he himself was calumniated in the columns of newspapers that were willing to lend their types to uses of such low sort. His activity in the woman's rights interests drew upon him no little newspaper badinage, and upon the whole there was sufficient opposition encountered by him to prevent ennui. At the same time, it is highly probable, that no man ever adopted as his own so many unpopular causes with as small amount of popular opprobrium as was visited upon the Peterboro philanthropist. It is of record, under his own hand, that the criticisms of his fellow reformers cost him more pain and sorrow than any and all others.

SHARP DIFFERENCES AMONGST REFORMERS.

Letters from Whittier.

As early as 1834 instances of uncharitable judgment and action in the ranks of reformers had become so flagrant as to draw from the gentle-minded Whittier this lament. Writing to Gerrit Smith from Haverhill, 31st, twelfth month of that year, he says:

"My heart has been pained within me to see so many early advocates of moral reform—the men who in the outset dared to set their faces as flint against corrupt popular opinion, who amidst abuse and misrepresentation and prejudice and scorn have labored in the holy cause of humanity and virtue, abandoned as that cause becomes popular to the tender mercies of their enemies—nay, thrust aside by their own disciples—and literally crushed under the moral engine which they had themselves set in motion."

The specific instance which had aroused the sympathies of Whittier and led to the writing of the letter from which the above quotation is given, was the unkind treatment which that sturdy and fearless reformer, William Goodell, was at that time receiving from certain of his fellow laborers in the cause of temperance. A few years later we find the poet pouring out his soul in another letter to his friend, the burden being this time the contentions in the anti-slavery camp bred by the unbending spirit of Garrison. He says (letter is dated Amesbury, 18th, ninth month, 1839):

"My very soul has been tried of late by the spirit of division and hard feeling in our ranks. What, my dear brother, have we done that this evil has fallen upon us? For myself, I *cannot,* as a being soon to be summoned before him who judgeth the heart, join in the strife and bitter words of the contending parties. I love friend Garrison—I have known him and loved him from our boyhood—but I cannot, for *his* sake do violence to my settled convictions of right and join in denouncing and hunting down such men as the Tappans, the Jocelyns, the Wrights, Birneys and Stantons of our cause. If I do injustice to my brothers *around me,* can I rightly labor for the slave whom I have never seen? One thing I am thankful for, my own conscience is clear in this matter. Three years ago I saw the approaching difficulty: I saw the *great danger* to be apprehended, viz., that the unity and *singleness of purpose* would be lost, and other objects, doctrines and schemes of reform, be engrafted upon abolitionism. Friend Garrison knows how faithfully and earnestly I have labored with him and others to prevent this; I have done all in my power to preserve the harmony and integrity of our cause, and I can only now leave it in the hands of the Righteous Providence who "from seeming evil yet educes good." How often, of late, have I been reminded of a remark once made by our beloved Beriah Green: "When I look round about me, I despair for the slave; when I look upward, never!"

This letter of Whittier contains a warm and noble tribute to Benjamin Lundy, whose death had recently occurred. No more feeling eulogy, albeit in few words, has ever been uttered with regard to the self-denying life of that champion of the oppressed. He says:

I have just heard of the death of Benjamin Lundy. It has affected me deeply. The pioneer abolitionist has fallen! Oh, shame upon us who have talked of ourselves and our sacrifices, and magnified our efforts for the slave into moral sublimity! Benjamin Lundy alone has made more personal sacrifices, has endured more suffering for the cause, than all the editors and agents of the society combined. Only think of his long years of toil, solitary and alone, uncheered by general sympathy, sustained only by his unshaken faith in his principles. Yet who has seen his boast of all this? Who has heard his self-blown trumpet? Peace to his rest in the western prairies! He has left behind him no truer heart—no warmer friend of the black man. Alas! it grieves me to think that the last sounds which greeted his faithful ear were not those of encouragement and victory, but that from the South came the clank of still unbroken fetters and from the North and East the murmurs of a fierce contention between the professed friends of freedom. May this mournful dispensation have a salutary effect upon us all.

GARRISON AND GERRIT SMITH.

Gerrit Smith contrived, all unwittingly, to displease the unyielding Garrison. In 1857 a Compensation Emancipation Convention, called together by the peace apostle, Elihu Burritt, was held in Cleveland, and Mr. Smith, as a well-known advocate of such method of securing freedom for the slaves, was the principal speaker. His presence upon a Compensation platform and the sentiments of his address displeased Garrison, and forthwith the *Liberator* fell foul of him. How Garrison's attack cut, let these paragraphs from a letter to Mr. May show. The letter is written from Peterboro, September 5, 1857:

The *Liberator* of yesterday comes this evening. It fills me with grief.

You can bear me witness that when I have spoken or written of W. Lloyd Garrison, it has been affectionately and admiringly. You know how greatly I have honored and loved this strong and good man . . . . For his merely fearless criticism on myself and others, I thank him.

Why should he represent me as having left the "Jerry Rescue level," and forsaken the ground that slavery is piracy? Doubtless, in his mind, compensation is entirely incompatible with my well-known views in regard to slavery and the rescue of Jerry. But has he not had abundant proof that in my mind it is not? It is true, that in my Nebraska speech in Congress I speak of slavery as an outlaw and a piracy. But do I not, in the same speech, go for compensation?

Mr. Garrison would himself admit that I have shown some earnestness and made some sacrifices in the anti-slavery cause. And yet, all the time, I have been for compensation.

Again, you know how I deplore all this abuse of abolitionists by abolitionists, with reference to its bearing on the anti-slavery cause. If we have not confidence in one another, how can we expect the public to have it? If we cannot treat each other with respect, why should we wonder if the public have no respect for us? I sincerely question whether, in all the abuse of me in the religious and political press, there has been in the same number of lines as much mis-representation and uncandid treatment as in these lines. Such writing as this, on the part of Mr. Garrison, goes to make him or me, or both of us, contemptible in the eye of the world; and what advantage can the poor slave get from that? . . . . It was no small sacrifice for me to go to Cleveland, but I felt I must go to stamp the movement, if I could, with abolition principles. The resolutions show how far I succeeded.

Garrison had resented the expression by Mr. Smith, at an antislavery meeting in Syracuse shortly previ-

ous to this time, of his interpretation of the constitution as an instrument of freedom and not of oppression. Before this he had fancied, in Mr. Smith's social recognition of slaveholding members of Congress, and other government officials at Washington, token of his retrogression as an abolitionist. And his appearance as the chief speaker on the platform of a great meeting called specially for the purpose of winning support to a policy of buying the slaves, seems, when taken together with other fancied causes, to have marked him, in Garrison's mind, as an unsafe leader.

Mr. Smith had spoken, in his Compensation speech, of the impatience of his abolition brethren with any suggestion that the North should share with the South in the cost of ridding the nation of slavery. He had alluded to the attitude taken by abolitionists in general against buying the slaves, on the ground that it would be an acknowledgment that they were property; and he had criticised abolitionists as lacking in Christian feeling towards slaveholders. One paragraph of the speech in particular bears strongly, though in no degree uncharitably, upon this point. He had said:

> Political men who take up the subject of slavery—this convention which is taking it up politically—must take it up in love, or more harm than good to the cause of freedom will come of it. The abolitionists, too, must infuse more love into their efforts. Vigorous and clear as are their apprehensions of slavery—just and impressive as are their descriptions of it—that is not enough. They must have more heart; and they must have it, not for the slave only, but for the slaveholder also. The chief reason why the Southern conscience yields so slowly under the labor of the abolitionists is that it does not feel it to be a labor of love. I would that all the abolitionists lay hold of this measure, which we are now laying hold of. I do not say that they would in this wise give all needed proof; but I do say they would give strong proof that the truth, which they speak to slaveholders, is spoken in love.

Compensation was meant to be a practical method of getting rid of an institution for which the entire country, not a mere part of it, was responsible. It did not involve agreement with slaveholders in their treatment of human beings as property. That slavery must sometime be made an end of in some way, in case the Union held together, was pretty clear. But the Union was being threatened by both slaveholders and anti-slaveholders. Surely the situation was acute enough to warrant consideration of any earnest measure that promised to open a way for a peaceful settlement; that promised to rid the nation of its peril without jeopardizing the continued existence of the nation.

Mr. May, in the character of peacemaker, for which he was ever noted, undertook to bring about a renewal of good understanding between Smith and Garrison; and in pursuance of this excellent design, forwarded to the latter the letter from which extracts have been given. In due time came a response, and this he sent on to Peterboro. It drew from Mr. Smith another letter, from which also a few extracts are herewith given. Mr. Smith writes from his home to Mr. May, September 12:

> So it seems you sent my letter to Mr. Garrison. It was a hasty note, for your eye and not for his; but I do not blame you for sending it to him. . . . . I prize highly the privilege of reading Mr. Garrison's letter. It is written with his characteristic vigor and faithfulness and it is instructive. . . . . .
>
> They (Garrison, Beriah Green, William Goodell and "the vast majority of abolitionists") cannot make my compensation notions,—my eating and drinking with slaveholders, harmonize with my known hatred of slavery, my devotion of hundreds of thousands of dollars to its abolition, and my abundant declarations that slaveholders are the worst of pirates. Mr. Garrison (at Syracuse) was offended by my saying that I believe there are slaveholders who are Christians. I love Mr. G. none the less for his plain dealing with me at Syracuse. . . . . There is one thing in Mr. Garrison's letter which I am very sorry and greatly surprised to see. He cannot understand how I can be his friend unless I share his dislikes. I must dislike Tappan and Douglass and Julia Griffiths, or I cannot be Mr. Garrison's friend. Mr. G. assumes that I understand the merits of his controversy with these persons, and take sides with them. If he knew how incessantly overwhelmed with business I am he would not wonder that I have but little time to inquire into other people's controversies. But even if I should take sides with them (which I do not), I cannot see why I may not be sincere and consistent in my friendship for him. I might think him wrong at some points and yet be his friend.
>
> But I must stop. Scores of letters are before me calling for answers. . . . . When are you to fulfill your promise to visit us? Do so as soon as you can. And very glad would I be to have Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips join you in spending a few days under my roof. Let Mr. Garrison see me in my house and my office and in the midst of my cares and labors about property, and he would only wonder that I make no more and no greater blunders in the anti-slavery cause.

A permanent estrangement between two men of equal earnestness in behalf of the oppressed of every name, such as Smith and Garrison were, would have been a calamity to the cause of righteousness. Fortunately no such estrangement occurred. As the editor of the *Liberator* came to know the Peterboro philanthropist better, a more just appreciation of his rare qualities of head and heart took possession of his mind. The two became very warm personal friends, without any sacrifice of judgment or conviction on the part of either, in the things wherein they differed. Although chronologically out of place, a letter from Smith to Garrison is here inserted, as evidence of the sincere affection by which the men came to be bound together:

> Peterboro, June 10th, 1863, Wednesday.
>
> William Lloyd Garrison.
>
> My Dear Friend:—Both your letters came last evening. I rejoice in the prospect of having you and your dear wife and Fanny under our roof.
>
> You will probably not reach here until the last of next week, or the beginning of the week after. Write me two or three days before, at what time you will be in Canastota and my carriage will be there for you.
>
> A letter from my wife, last evening, says that our dear little grandson is better. Should he continue to improve, she will probably be at home within a week.
>
> Tell dear Mr. and Mrs. May that they must not fail to accompany you to Peterboro. My love to them, your wife and Fanny.
>
> Your friend,
>
> GERRIT SMITH.
>
> P. S.—Mrs. Weld and her sister are with us, and send love.

(*To be continued.*)

"There is asceticism and asceticism. In these days there is a mystic democracy, that hates not the world, neither the things in the world, but which knowing God to dwell in human lives, and seeing these shrines neglected and in ruins, because of luxury on the one hand, poverty on the other, and injustice and self-seeking in so many hearts, there is a mystic democracy, I say, that refuses to own what the many may not own, and like a new Puritanism, it makes men strong."—*Edwin A. Rumball.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Reviews

From *Macmillan* I have the following four volumes, recently off the press: "The Battles of Peace," by Dean Hodges of Harvard; "Notes on Politics and History," by John Morley; "The Prophets of Israel," by Moses Buttenwieser, and "Sandy," Crockett's latest volume. Beginning with the last, we have something capital. I will not say that it is better than "The Stickit Minister," but it is one of the best novels you will come across in an age. It makes you richer and happier for the reading.

"The Battles of Peace," by Hodges, will probably come next in your estimation. Here is an Episcopal dean, who is broad enough to gather us all into his church; and what is better, he is broad enough to let his own folk in. He can endure fasting and make pretty good use of it. He can tell us how prayer can be of some use, without making it a supplication to God for mercy and decent treatment. Hodges belongs to all of us; and while not a great genius at turning the world upside down, he won't turn, nor try to turn, the ages backward.

"Notes on Politics and History," is a university address by Chancellor Morley, choke full of bright things. The great things that he quotes as pre-eminent in history are the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount and the Declaration of American Independence. Will you believe it, that he endorses Tom Paine's "Common Sense!" He calls Channing the most eloquent of American divines. You had better read this book, by taking it in your pocket down to your store, or possibly out into the fields; or if you are a woman, read it in the kitchen.

"The Prophets of Israel" I should like to tell you a good deal about, but there is no room for it. From an authoritative standpoint it gives us a discussion of a wonderful phase of Jewish life, not elsewhere touched up in color so well, unless it be by our dear old friend Nathaniel Schmidt.

E. P. Powell.

Random Readings

Speaking of mysticism, how thin and pale is the mysticism of today, as we see it, say, in Maeterlinck and Grierson, along side of the great saints. Maeterlinck is knit up, fibrously, with the tradition of the mystics, confessing his debt to Emerson, Novalis and Ruysbroeck, as witness his "Emerson and Other Essays." (*Dodd, Mead Co.*) That, indeed, is the secret of his charm, though some do not well know it. Mystical he is, though hardly a mystic, save as he shines by reflected light—yet such light as he has is of that ray. As for the "Modern Mysticism" of Grierson (*John Lane Co.*), it is little more than the most primitive pantheism, that glimmer of truth which has haunted man since ever he began to make gods in his own image. As daylight than twilight is brighter, so is the mysticism of the saints beside the vague musings of these facile essayists who dream dreams, or go in quest of moon-flowers. Take such a book as "The Mystic Way," by Evelyn Underhill (*Dutton Co.*), at once sympathetic and scientific, and there we are shown the long white way which leads ever to victory and the light! What a pity to follow marsh lights when the sun is up and the dew is on the grass.

What wonder, then, that Maeterlinck is baffled and confused when he takes up the problem of "Our Eternity." (*Dodd, Mead Co.*) He tells us nothing new, as he admits; not much that is true, since in these matters no one can tell the truth; and he writes lucidly and logically, albeit with less of the haunting charm of his earlier essays. Having put religion aside entirely, the net result of his conclusion is pitifully small—but why put religion aside? If the voice of the soul is not to be heard in its own behalf, why discuss the question at all? Must the human soul sit dumb and be tried for its life? At any rate, he tells us that annihilation is impossible. Survival without any sort of consciousness is also discarded as absurd in a universe incontestably alive and growing. There remains the hypothesis of a modified and progressive consciousness—how far modified he does not know; in what way progressive he cannot guess. At the end, it is a choice between perpetual growth and absorption into the Eternal. Of the two, Maeterlinck prefers the latter as the greatest and most probable, the more so since it contains all other hypotheses, and after it nothing remains. So ends his dream in which he says anything is permissible, save that which may arrest its flight. Yet that were better than such an essay as "Personal Immortality," by E. S. P. Haynes (*Putnam's Sons*), which decides, what few have ventured to decide before, that the evidence and argument for a future life warrant, not only doubt, but positive denial. If I had come to so dismal a conclusion I would not write a book about it, but lock it in my heart and throw the key away!

"I'm fostering the vital lie in him," said Relling in the Ibsen play, "The Wild Duck."

"Vital lie? Is that what you said?" asked Gregers.

"Yes, I said vital lie—for illusion, you know, is the stimulating principle."

Taking for her title "Vital Lies," Vernon Lee proceeds to flay, first, James and the pragmatists; then Tyrrell and the modernists, and after them all and sundry who do not walk the straight path. (*Dutton Co.*) It is a keen bit of polemic against certain trends of thought in our day, though I like Prof. Santayana's "Winds of Doctrine" better. (*Scribner's Sons.*) But if one seeks a satisfying book, then "neither of which is both," as Dan Crawford would say. As between the daring pragmatism of James and pensive scepticism of Lee, some of us would choose the former. Happily, we do not have to choose either. Lies have an amazing vitality, but they are not as good as truth, or better, as Vernon Lee seems to ask us to think.

No matter; her best point is that neither James nor Schiller fathered pragmatism, but Charles Pierce. As early as 1878 Pierce wrote an essay for the *Popular Science Monthly* entitled, "How to Make Our Ideas Clear," in which he formulated the pragmatic principle. No doubt Noah was familiar with that principle—not, perhaps, as Pierce stated it—but James, as Lee shows, took the simple test, known to St. Francis when he said, "We know as much as we do," and made it something different, if not dangerous. Allowing every one the widest liberty of thought, it is still true, as Pierce insisted so earnestly, that truth is true no matter what we think. For the thinker, he

said, "the activity of thought by which we are carried, not where we wish, but to a foreordained goal, is like the operation of destiny." Some of us will hold by that till the cows come home, letting pragmatists wander where they will.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

An Interesting Book

Some ten years ago I warmly commended in the columns of UNITY a remarkably interesting story, "Knox Kennoch," by our noble Aberdeen (Scotland) preacher of righteousness, Rev. Alexander Webster. The book had dramatic interest, fine diction, passages of great pathos, and a spiritual lesson of great value.

Mr. Webster has just issued another book which ought to be widely read, "Memoirs." In the first part the author tells the story of his long, varied and successful ministerial life in Scotland. It has been a struggle against bitter religious prejudices, conditions of grinding poverty, and narrow educational opportunities. But it has been a *victorious* struggle. The many substantial successes in life are related with becoming modesty but with growing human interest. This is the account of a pure and noble spirit, told with a gracious simplicity that wins and warms the heart of the reader. There are tonic sentences that make the blood leap; records of patient heroism that brace one's spirit to undertake fresh endeavors, and stories of hard won successes that fill the soul with rejoicing. Of such are the accounts of his hill-side preachings to great throngs, and his election to the Aberdeen School Board.

In the second part we have a notable collection of sermons, quite unconventional in form, but very high in quality and fine in spirit. These discourses vary in theme and style, but every one has a peculiar beauty of its own. That given at the Boston International Congress is the most intellectual, and that entitled "Reaping the Corners" is one of the most helpful, but all are excellent. I most heartily commend this little book. Mr. Webster is now in frail health but still active with his pen.

I wish many readers of UNITY would send for this unique and wholesome volume. Inclose a postal order for one dollar and send to Rev. Alexander Webster, Cults, Aberdeen, Scotland.

March, 1914. JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

Books Received

G. P. Putnam's Sons: Horace Blake, by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, $1.25 net.

American Unitarian Association: Clear Grit, by Robert Collyer, $1.50 net.

Open Court Publishing Company: Jesus in the Talmud, by Bernhard, Pick, 75c net. The Cabala, Its Influence on Christianity and Judaism, by Bernhard Pick, 75c net.

Forbes & Co.: The Home Nurse, by Dr. E. B. Lowry, $1 net. Success with Hens, by Robert Joos, $1 net. The Back Yard Farmer, by J. Willard Bolte, $1 net.

Dodd, Mead & Co.: Religion in Social Action, by Graham Taylor, $1.25 net.

The Gorham Press: Religio Doctoris, by G. Stanley Hall, $1.25 net.

Gospel Trumpet Company: Twilight Talks with the Children, by Isabel Byrum.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

A YEARS WORK

In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

VI.

Baruch

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

TEXT: *Learn where is wisdom, where is strength, where is understanding; that thou mayest know also where is length of days, and life, where is the light of the eyes and peace.* Baruch iii:14.

The story of the book of Baruch, and the things that can be said about it, are perhaps more interesting and important than the text of the book itself. Its title in the Vulgate is the "Prophecy of Baruch," in the Syriac version it is the "Second Epistle of Baruch the Scribe." This book was first found in the Septuagint, the Greek version, dated about 200 B. C., tucked in right after Jeremiah, as though it fitted there. But in the Latin version, the Vulgate, it was left out and placed among the suspected writings, and our Bible, in putting it into the Apocrypha, follows the Vulgate, and not the Septuagint.

Baruch was secretary to Jeremiah. He it was who read the new book discovered in the Temple (Jeremiah xxxvi:5-6), and when it was destroyed he and Jeremiah rewrote it. At the time the Jews were carried off to Babylon Jeremiah was recognized by the king as a wise and just man and was allowed to remain in Jerusalem. The Old Testament story says that he wrote letters of sage advice to the captains in captivity, sending them by Baruch.

The conclusion of scholars seems to be that somebody in Alexandria compiled this document, simple, brief and available, for the purpose of quickening the faith of the exiles of that later day. It is a book of only five chapters, falling perhaps into two parts. The most important part is written in the way of exhortation, a little book of preachments, to arouse in the Jews in Alexandria a spirit of piety, devotion and loyalty, to their religion, by the fiction of a message alleged to have been sent from the Jews in Babylon to friends in Jerusalem at the period of the exile, three hundred years before. This form of narrative is not an exceptional thing in ancient literature. Baruch is represented as gathering the exiles together in Babylon and reminding them of their brethren left behind. Feeling they were in danger of being discouraged and cast down, he suggested collecting money and sending it back to Jerusalem with an encouraging message.

This is clearly fiction, put in the time of Babylonish exile and written with the sincere purpose of being an inspiration to the Jews in Alexandria. Looked at in this light it is exceedingly interesting and has merit. Scholars find that it is a composition made up of extracts and citations. Whoever wrote it had in mind

the books of Ezra, Daniel, Job and the Psalms. It is such another story as the book of Daniel, but written perhaps a hundred years later.

With this introduction you may read and enjoy the story. The historical preface in the first chapter is followed in the second by a confession, and a well written prayer on behalf of the Jews in Babylon. The petition is dignified and stately but rather long for liturgical purposes; the burden of it being that "We brought this upon our own heads." It is touched all through with repentance and humiliation. From the third chapter on the composition is poetical, psalm like, written for the obvious purpose of inspiring the Jew to be true to his religion in spite of the disintegrating social influences around him. The older prophets did not personify wisdom; it would have savored too much of idolatry, but Wisdom, Justice and Truth are herein personified, showing Greek influence. The very heart of Jewish philosophy—that prosperity, long life, happiness wait upon those who are true to the worship of Jehovah—was touched by this outside influence, the wisdom cult.

Hear, Israel, the commandments of life;
Give ear to understand wisdom.
How happeneth it, Israel, that thou art in thine enemies' land,
That thou are waxen old in a strange country, that thou art
defiled with the dead,
That thou art counted with them that go down into the grave?
Thou hast forsaken the fountain of wisdom.
For if thou hadst walked in the way of God,
Thou shouldst have dwelled in peace forever.
Learn where is wisdom, where is strength, where is under-
standing;
That thou mayst know also where is length of days, and life,
Where is the light of the eyes, and peace.

Like the old prophets, after granting a hard case with frank confession and threatening more trouble, a message is given to the people in their humiliation showing a way out. While these prophecies never came true literally, they have been fulfilled in a much finer, higher, broader and truer way, through the power of inspiration.

For He that brought these plagues upon you
Will deliver you from the hands of your enemies

* * * *

And joy is come unto me from the Holy One.
Because of the mercy which shall soon come unto you from
the Everlasting our Savior.
For I sent you out with mourning and weeping:
But God will give you to me again with joy and gladness
for ever.

In the Apocrypha, chapter vi was added, because it was supposed to be a Jeremiah document, but it is regarded among the scholars as without authenticity. In the Septuagint, it stands under a separate heading, but is inserted in the Vulgate. The inference is that Jerome, the compiler of the Vulgate, had at hand only a limited collection of critical material. The Canon, as a closed book, was not then in existence. The Catholics ascribe the whole of the Latin translation to Jerome, as the Jews ascribe the whole of the Septuagint to the Seventy. The question of authorship can only be approached approximately in the spirit of scholarship, but can be settled definitely if the spirit of the dogmatist obtains.

The character of the letter in the sixth chapter is significant. It is a vigorous tirade against idolatry, against images, expressing such feeling as the Scotch Presbyterians had against the Cross and the symbols of the Catholic Church, and such things as Cromwell's army hated and did not hesitate to demolish. It is but fair to say that this writer had the common conception of idolatry, while as a matter of fact no one ever worshipped idols. The idols of the so-called most idolatrous peoples are to them physical symbols of psychical sanctities, and their symbols vary in crudeness as human intelligence varies. There are grades of spirituality and a great range of spiritual symbolism and interpretation. The subtle thing in this epistle is that the author, as well as he who wrote Baruch, felt and feared the tremendous pressure of social environment.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Who was Baruch? Tell all of his story found in Chapter I.
(2) For what purpose was this book written?
(3) What is the form of Chapter II.
(4) Compare Chapters III, IV, V with books in the Old Testament.
(5) What is Chapter VI called, and why?
(6) What is the burden of this chapter?
(7) What are idols?

About Love

The essential thing in determining the character of love is the range of interests over which it extends. We are forced by the very limitations under which we live to think of it in a relative sense. We cannot conceive what absolute love is any more than we can know what absolute knowledge is. In our everyday vocabulary love is a variable term. At one time it may be used in a certain sense, and at another time in an entirely different sense. The constant element in love is the individual attitude toward the objects of its devotion. The variable element is the constantly expanding boundary of the things upon which it expends itself.

When love first begins to assert itself in the life of the individual the circle of its special interests is very limited. This circle at first includes only the home and those immediately connected with it. It may be possible that this limited range of interests will never be enlarged. In such cases love suffers an arrested development. We have many examples of such abortive growths, and when considered in relation to the larger interests of society it is not love but selfishness. It may be very beautiful and self-giving in its attitude toward the members of its own small and exclusive group, but in its relation to all other persons and things it may be downright criminal. We have many men today who get more credit than they deserve because they are actuated by a noble domestic affection toward those who are near and dear to them, but who practice the law of the tooth and fang upon every other human being in such a fierce and brutal fashion that to call it barbaric is to dignify it.

Universalist Leader. —*Rev. F. C. Aldinger.*

"It may be 'against the grain' to obey the Highest, but a new grain, new paths of neural discharge, made with a loyal obedience of many days, will clinch the new life for us. When Francis awoke to the call of the Spirit, it was to hear the word: 'Repair my Church,' and soon defying comfort and convention, he was bringing stones through the town. If our Assisi can but see us carrying the stones of the new life, that new life is ours forever."—*Edwin A. Rumball.*

THE HOME

Helps To High Living

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDERMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO.

SUN.—The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven!
MON.— Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
TUES.—For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
WED.—Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest
Live well: how long or short permit to heaven.
THURS.—As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.
FRI.—They also serve who only stand and wait.
SAT.—Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

—John Milton.

WHEN MOTHER POPPED THE CORN

Wasn't the kitchen cosy though
In those happy days of long ago;
When the Sunday dishes were really done,
The pans all shining out in the sun;
Tea kettle bubbling and fire ablaze!
Oh! those were the jolliest kind of days!
Out in the kitchen, where, one and all
We loved to gather in winter and fall,
When Mother popped the corn.

Don't you remember how Polly ran
To get the popper and then the pan,
While you and Jo were having a race,
Shelling the corn at a lively pace?
Can't you see Father bringing in wood
Little Bob helping as well as he could?
Every one busy and happy and gay—
That was always the best of the day
When Mother popped the corn.

Poppity! Pop! What a jolly sound!
How the kernels do skip and bound!
Then, when they crowded the popper quite,
With tender blossoms all crisp and white,
Into the large tin pan they'd go,
Heaped up high like a drift of snow.
The kitchen was full of the fragrance sweet,
Wasn't it always the greatest treat
When Mother popped the corn!

How we ate 'till we almost burst!
Mother somehow always finished first.
Then came her stories we loved so well
No one but Mother could ever tell,
Such good stories; she knew just how;
Oh! I wish I could hear her now.
The twilight stories are with me yet,
Those are the days I'll never forget
When Mother popped the corn.

Racine, Wis. FANNY L. STONE.

Bringing Big Trees to San Francisco

Old trees from India, Africa and the Philippine Islands have been uprooted, transported by elephants, ox teams, horse and mule power, electricity, steam and sail to the grounds of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. The method employed is interesting, as it was at first thought impossible to accomplish this without a very large percentage of these century-old trees dying.

A rectangular cut is made around the base of the tree at some little distance from the edge of the trunk, severing the side roots, leaving the bottom roots only to nourish the tree. Boards are forced down into these cuts to prevent the side roots from growing together again, and the tree is then left undisturbed for six months. By that time the tree has become accustomed to living through its bottom roots, and these are now severed and boards forced beneath the tree, which is then pulled over on its side. The boards are then secured into a rough box, wrapped heavily with wire rope, and the tree lifted by derrick to car or wagon or is hauled to the shipping point by such power as is available.

Hoisted on shipboard, the tree is kept from the light, and when, weeks or months later, it arrives at the exposition grounds, it is living, but in a sorry condition. A place having been prepared for it in rich soil brought from forest lands on the Sacramento River, it is replanted under conditions most favorable for its contnued growth. The box is removed and the tree carefully nursed for thirty days, by which time it has again fastened its roots into the earth and will, in all probability, live.

Popular Mechanics.

THE BEAUTIFUL DARK.

Oh, I am not afraid of night,
I think such happy things;
I play the Dark is just a bird,
I cuddle 'neath her wings.
Such lovely, lovely wings has she,
I closer, closer creep;
I think awhile my happy thoughts,
Then somehow I'm asleep.

My mother says you're just a hand
God reaches down to me;
I feel its close and tender touch,
Its form I may not see;
I raise an eager, answering hand,
I do not seek so far;
Oh, Dark, that soothes a little child,
How beautiful you are!

—Kate Louise Brown.

THANKSGIVING.

Lord, we thank Thee, hut or hall,
Mountain height or tossing sea,
Matters little unto him
Who with love keeps company;
Roof of thatch or gilded dome—
'Tis the heart that makes the home.

Wooden bowl or jeweled brim,
Dainty meats or oaten cakes,
Make a royal spread to him
Who with thankfulness partakes;
North or South, or West or East
'Tis the spirit makes the feast.

Youth's Companion. *—Charlotta Perry.*

"An inch of rainfall is the equivalent of 603 barrels of 45 gallons each, to the acre. This amount of water weighs over one hundred and thirteen tons. Think of hauling it to the farms in wagons holding a ton each. That seemingly light air and clouds are capable of handling this enormous amount of water is one of the marvels of meteorology. One inch of rain is not such a heavy rainfall either."—*Farm and Fireside.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

CAMP HILL, ALABAMA

Jenkin Lloyd Jones gave his lecture last night, March 6th, on Lee, and I was delighted. Mr. Jones entered into a careful, detailed study of the character of Lee, and paid him a splendid, whole-hearted tribute. It was not of the flashy, pyrotechnic sort of oratory, and yet it was of the haunting sort, which will linger with every one and grow upon them from day to day. My own candid judgment is that it is the most critical analysis of Lee that I have heard. The tribute haunts me and will haunt me from now on. It is the revealing and the portrayal of one of the most heroic lives in American history. One thinks of the tenderness and sorrow of Lincoln as Mr. Jones portrays Lee's character; and as this defeated man turns about to conquer defeat, one finds himself without a parallel in all history, and this man, who loved peace, who hated slavery and all shams, stands out as a champion of peace!

LYMAN WARD, *Principal.*

March 7, 1914.

OUR GERMAN, AUSTRIAN AND HUNGARIAN IMMIGRANTS

On December eighth Professor Adolph von Noe was asked to speak at the Abraham Lincoln Centre before Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones' class in Immigration. He is a professor of languages at the Chicago University, a scholarly, cultured German, well qualified to speak intelligently and sympathetically in regard to the Germans, Austrians and Hungarians who find their way to this country and city.

Professor von Noe first called attention to the difference between the old and the new immigration. Up to 1883 our immigrants came chiefly from Great Britain, Germany, Scandinavia, the Netherlands, France and Switzerland. In 1882, 565,000 came from these countries and formed 87 per cent of the total immigration. In 1907 but 228,000 came from these countries and formed only 19 per cent of the entire immigration.

From 1883 to 1907 the bulk of the immigrants came from Austria, Bulgaria, Greece, Italy, Romania, Spain, Russia, Syria, Turkey and Poland. This is called "the new immigration." In 1883 these countries furnished only 13 per cent of the entire immigration, while in 1907 they sent 81 per cent. Italy and Russia alone in 1907 sent 70 per cent of the entire 1,200,000 immigrants who came.

The center of immigration in 1882 was Hamburg; in 1907 it was Constantinople.

Professor von Noe gave two causes for the German immigration: (1) political, (2) economic—coming to escape military service he also classed as economic, inasmuch as the chief objection to military service is due to the fact that it means giving up two or three of the most productive years of life.

The first great wave of German immigrants came over in 1848 and in the ten years following. This was a revolutionary time in German history when many of those who were struggling for a constitutional government were obliged to emigrate. The largest number of those who came were farmers; there were, however, also many professional men and men from the trades. They came with the intention of remaining and the farmers took up land in all parts of the United States. Some located in New York, some in Missouri, some in California and many in Wisconsin and Illinois. Among the Germans who came were men of excellent stock who took an active interest in things American. Carl Schurz was mentioned as being the most famous of these.

The number of Germans who came for political and for religious reasons was small compared to the number who came primarily for economic reasons.

When Bismarck brought about the unification of Germany under Prussian leadership, he changed Germany from an industrial to a commercial nation. Many were thus deprived of trades and of an opportunity to obtain farms; hence many previously engaged in handicrafts and many of the younger sons of farmers came here to follow agriculture.

In agriculture the Germans are numerically the most important. About three-fourths of the total number of males of foreign origin on farms are Germans.

The Germans show a tendency to assimilate readily with persons of native birth and with the older immigrants from other countries.

The German-Austrians and the Hungarians belong to the new immigration which is only to a very small extent agricultural. The Austrians and Hungarians having followed farming in their native countries, find upon their arrival here that the agricultural land is practically all taken up; hence they flock to our industrial centers and take up work for which they have had no previous training. Many return to Europe after having remained here long enough to earn a few hundred dollars. It has been estimated that thirty million dollars is taken back annually to Austria and Hungary. However, Professor von Noe thinks that for every dollar sent back more than a dollar's worth of labor has been expended here. But on the other hand, if the dollar could be invested here America would have the advantage not only of the productive labor but also of the capital made from the savings.

Professor von Noe closed by saying that the assimilation of the Austrians and Hungarians is slower than of the Germans, but they make a very fine addition to the citizenship of the country.

Reported by BERTHA VAN HOVE.

"THE GREATEST EVENT OF 1913."

[The *Christian Work* and *Evangelist* of January 3 contains a symposium on the above subject, from the pens of a

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number of distinguished men. The following contributions may prove of interest to our readers.]

It is impossible, of course, for a man living in the year 1913 to say what is the most significant event of that year, but the event that has interested me the most has been the declaration of Winston Churchill, First Lord of the English Admiralty, that Great Britain, the queen of the seas, was ready to call a halt to armament building if other nations would agree to do the same.—*Hamilton Holt.*

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You ask me what, in my judgment, has been the most significant event of the year 1913. I think that any event which effectually promotes the world's peace must be reckoned the greatest possible blessing to mankind. In this view the speech of the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty of Great Britain, suggesting that his own government and that of Germany should abstain for one year from the building of new warships, should, I think, be reckoned the most potent. The time for making this suggestion was well chosen, since both nations were straining every nerve to fabricate new implements of destruction. The suggestion came from the nation most liberally provided with warships and with the means for adding thereto. The speech, though addressed to only one, went to all the nations of the earth. To each of them it put the question, Whither are we tending? What is to be the end of this costly assemblage of death-dealing apparatus? The United States has been the first to respond. By a nearly unanimous vote our national House of Representatives has responded yea to Mr. Churchill. This vote shows that we have long been waiting for somebody to help us to stop building battleships. We have welcomed the first sign of returning sanity among the nations. The vote of our House has begun to reverberate in Germany. The makers of warships and of big cannon there are stupefied. Our own Navy League is disturbed and is giving out word that the vote in the lower house of Congress is mere buncombe, not to be taken seriously. I am glad to know that buncombe is at last on the side of the naval holiday.—*Horace White.*

My own feeling is that perhaps the most significant event of 1913 is the full launching of the Chinese Republic, though I quite recognize that some discounts must be made in estimating what has been accomplished in China. The number of people to be affected, the greatness of the Chinese race itself, the importance of the relations and the immensity of the problems involved all emphasize the significance of the change that has been made.—*Henry Churchill King, President of Oberlin College.*

IS MAN 500,000 YEARS OLD?

Dr. C. Leon Williams, fellow of the Royal Anthropological Society, arrived lately in New York from England. He has come over at the invitation of the Academy of Medicine to tell about his researches and to demonstrate his belief that the human race had its origin 500,000 years ago.

A trunkful of skulls and other fragmentary human bones which the doctor brought with him caused quite a shock to the customs inspector who opened his trunk. He said the bones were not dutiable. Dr. Williams, although an American, has lived in England for thirty years.

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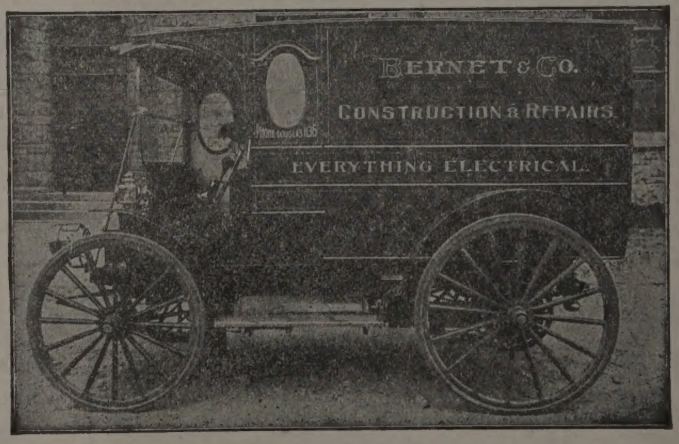

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